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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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## A \* MOST \* MERCILESS \* SLAUGHTER!

Values Gone! Cost Forgotten! Qualities Ruthlessly Ignored!

\$35,000

Worth of Boys' and Children's Clothing is more than we want at this time of year. In plain language, we are overstocked. You call it bad management? Well, maybe it is, but this is how it happened: Competition among the clothiers has been fierce and loud. To meet the enormous pressure, and to continue leading the trade, necessitated large stocks and great variety. During the five weeks, business, owing to the mild weather, was not what it should have been, and consequently we find ourselves with more Boys' Goods than we could, in an ordinary way, sell at this time of year. To move them, we have mercilessly cut the prices, and cut them so terribly that we ourselves fail to recognize them. And to keep everything lively, we jumped into the Men's Furnishing Goods, and what a havoc we did make! Who got the best of it? Well, we reckon we did, for the prices were knocked sky-high, and when they fell, they fell so low that shame made them hide their faces. 5 cents buys a pair of ear muffs. 7 cents buys a Jersey cap. 10 cents buys an all-linen handkerchief. 15 cents buys our 25 cent cuffs. 48 cents buys our regular 75 cent shirt. And so on through the entire stock. In Boys' Clothing we will not name prices, for they would appear so ridiculously low that we fear you might think we were exaggerating. All we will say is this: If we don't show you Boys' Clothing and Men's Furnishings for less money than you ever saw them, you can take the goods home for nothing. In this merciless sale is included

## DRESSING GOWNS AND SMOKING JACKETS.

We are selling them at about what the material would cost you. We are bound to sell them. In this merciless sale the opportunity offers itself to economical people to buy substantial

## Christmas Presents

At about the price of a few worthless knick-knacks or fancy toys. Our goods are elegant—everything—and our only reasons for a slaughter in prices are what is stated above.

## DEPPEN'S : CLOTHING : HOUSE,

COR. FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE.

## USING GENIUS.

Men with the Soul of a Poet and Philosopher who live and die without finding voice to speak it.

Then he became a listless merchant; a silent, unsocial and poor moody waiter upon petty traffic. A poor farmer, a worse tenant, a worthless trafficker. Absolutely unfitted, apparently, for pre-eminence. Had Grant died at the tan-yard, or from behind the counter, the world would never have suspected that it had lost a hero. He would have fallen as an undistinguished leaf among the millions cast down every year.

Becher's sermon on Grant.

In reading the fine address of the celebrated preacher on the celebrated soldier, the portion quoted above, in some occult and indefinable way, filled me with profound sadness, and in this mood I have been led away in thought along the quiet streets of our villages and towns and by the country stores of our cross-roads to take a sly glance from under the broad brim of my felt hat at the unsuspected heroes who may be seen—the poor farmers, the worse tenants, the worthless traffickers, to fortune and to fame unknown, and forever to remain unknown.

The constitution and temperament of my mind and heart are such that I love to think of these "undistinguished leaves," who, in the never-ceasing autumn season in human life, are silently but constantly falling to the ground. I feel that they are blood-kin to me, and that I am one of them. These men and women who are the playthings of Fate, who in the great multitude are so dwarfed in stature that they are never seen, those grains of popcorn that never pop and flower out into "Captains," but brown, and hard and worthless, are cast into the fire or fed to the chickens. Look about you now for the contemporaries of that silent, moody man who twenty-five years ago listlessly measured a yard of calico on his store counter for some old woman. Where are they? Fallen away, dim, dark, the very names and faces of them as if they had never been born. And yet among them who shall say that there was not, in possibility, a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Napoleon, a Washington, a Pitt, a Newton? I have no doubt that the things which have been thought but have never been spoken are finer and grander than all that has been said. I do not question but what to-day, obscure and unknown, as unregarded as the clod in the road, there are, in every community, minds as exquisitely tempered and as strong and splendid by nature as ever astonished or delighted the world. And yet they are dumb, and will continue dumb. Great battles will remain unwritten, profound deductions in science will not be made, magnificent flights of eloquence will not be taken. Silent and dumb as the grave to which all are hurrying! Is it not a sad thought? See how few are the kings and princes of the world, the great ones of any given age, compared with the unknown herd!

How many truly great men or women does this country of ours, with its sixty millions of souls, boast to-day? A hundred? Fifty? Ten? Five? Who is the poet that ranks with Dante? Who is the soldier as great as Caesar? Who is the orator as fine as Demosthenes? It is not the age, says some one. Nonsense! One age is as great as another. The reason is not so broad and massive. Opportunity, voice, words do not come out for the Golden Pileus. Yet war is admittedly the most direful of human evils. It wastes and destroys. It is cruel, bloodthirsty, savage. It kills and maims men, and fills the land with widows and orphans. Sometimes righteous, it is generally causeless and useless. Voltaire describes it as the slaughter of thousands that a few may have monuments.

## Gov. Madison's Oath of Office.

George Madison, the seventh Governor, died in this city en route to Frankfort to take the oath of office. When he arrived here he was too ill to proceed further, and stopped at and died at the house now occupied by Dr. Keller as a residence. The Governor was waited on by a couple of gentlemen having a petition for the pardon of a friend or relative, who was condemned to be hung. The time was close at hand for carrying out the death sentence; there was no time to be lost; the appeal for executive clemency was urgent and strong. Madison yielded to the entreaties of the petitioner; took the oath of office on his death bed, and his first and only official act was granting the pardon or respite.

## The Domestic Mugwump.

(New Orleans Playhouse.)

Maud and her George were in the parlor, and Maud's father (who, by the way, is down on the mugwumps), was laying down his political tenets to Maud's George. "I tell you," he exclaimed, "the Democratic and Republican parties embody all there is of wisdom in party management. We don't want any third party here." "That is precisely, papa," replied Maud, "a third party is a nuisance anywhere." Maud's father counted noses, concluded he was the mugwump, and withdrew from the field.

Some men have such odd ideas of honesty. A fire broke out recently near a menagerie in Moscow. All hands went to work, amid the wildest confusion to remove the animals. As the manager passed by the monkey cage a big orang-outang screamed out. "For God's sake let me out. I never was a monkey until I came here. I am an honest man; save." The terrified monkey will probably quit the show business, and go to delivering lectures on the "Dreadful Doom of Hypocrites" or some kindred subject.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—silence now is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er the still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds.

The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell Of the departed year. No funeral train is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest Like a pale, spell-bound, the air is stirred As by a mourner's sigh; and, on you cloud, That floats so still and placidly through heaven, The spirits of the season seem to stand— Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form, And Winter with his hoary locks; and breathe, In mournful cadences, that come abroad Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail.

A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year, Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time For memory and for tears. Within the deep, Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim, Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time.

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold And solemn finger to the beautiful And holy visions that have passed away, And left no shadow of their loveliness.

On the dead waste of life, That specter lifts The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy, and Love, And, bending mournfully above the pale, sweet forms that slumber there, scattering dead flowers

O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow, Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course It waded its scepter o'er the beautiful— And they are not. It laid its pallid hand Upon the strong man; and the haughty form Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim. It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er The battle-plain, where sword and spear, and shield, Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength Of heroic deeds is shattered, and the grass, Green from the soil of carnage, waves above The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came And faded like a wreath of mist at eve, Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air, It heralded its millions to their home In the dim land of dreams.

Renownedless time! Pierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power (O'er mine heart in its silent course, or melt His iron heart to pity) on, still on, He presses, and forever. The proud bird, The condor of the Andes, that can soar Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave

The fury of the northern hurricane, And bath his plumage in the thunder's home, Pursues broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness, And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink, Like bubbles on the water; fiery sleds Spring from the ocean, and go back To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear To heaven, their bald and blackened cliffs, and

Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise, Gathering the strength of hoary centuries, And new dominions like the Alpine avalanche, Starting the nations—and the very stars, You bright and burning banners of God, Glitter awhile in their eternal depths, And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of the train, Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away.

To dangle in the trackless void; yet Time—Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career, Dark, stern, pitiless, and passes not. Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path, To sit and muse, like other conquerors, Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—PRELUDE.

## Prose and Poetry at Funerals.

(Home Thoughts.)

They had the poor woman in a fifty-dollar coffin. The beautiful bunch of white roses in the one hand that was exposed did not conceal the marks of toil on her fingers, the calloused places, the distended joints, and the rough skin. Her iron-gray hair was neatly brushed down on the sides of her wrinkled forehead, and the black silk crown, folded so gracefully about her, was full of luster, new, and evidently expensive. There were no backs for friends of the family, and the hearse was driven by a man in livery and had eight costly plumes on top.

"How natural she looked, and what a lovely funeral," said a woman who had known the family.

"How unnatural she looked, and what an inhuman thing that funeral was," said a male cynic who accompanied her.

"Why?"

"Because. There was a good woman, a hard-working wife and mother who never had a ride in a hack, whose fingers never pressed a flower, and who never wore silk. She didn't have any time and didn't have money. Now look at her. Flowers are rare and sweet in her dead hands, lots of carriages following her hearse, and a costly shroud for a body which in life was deemed none too good for a thirty-cent worsted. A queer world this, which ignores fashion in life and falls a blind votary to it in death."

She lay in her lonely coffin, With her wasted fingers pressed Over the fair, full roses; They had placed upon her breast; And the heart, that ached no longer, And the pitiful, haggard face, They had pillowed with gleaming satin. Had shined with costly lace. Then I said—and my heart was heavy, Recalling her life long ago, "Let none lay a rose on my bosom Who have planted my life with thorn."

Rowan Ward, of Stewart County, recently fell six inches long and about as broad. He hollowed it out, put rollers on it, and now it serves as a cradle for his baby.—Macon Telegraph and Messenger.

## A QUESTION ABOUT BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

ANSWERED.

This question has probably been asked a hundred times. "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, hysteria, and all the ailments of the stomach?" The answer is simple. The Bitters contain iron, which is the most powerful of all the elements in the human body. It is the iron that builds up the blood, and the blood is the life of the body. Without iron, the body would be like a machine without oil. The Bitters are the only medicine that contains iron in a form that the body can use. They are the only medicine that can cure the ailments of the stomach. They are the only medicine that can build up the blood, and the blood is the life of the body. Without iron, the body would be like a machine without oil. The Bitters are the only medicine that contains iron in a form that the body can use. They are the only medicine that can cure the ailments of the stomach. 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OUR AGENTS.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions and renewals, advertising in the HERALD, orders for job work, etc.:

J. S. T. SMITH, Jr., Fordville.  
HOCKER & CO., Beaver Dam.  
DR. G. R. SANDERS, Centertown.  
REID, HADEN & CO., Rockport, Ky.  
J. H. BLACK, Haydensville.  
HOCKER & TARD, Rosine.  
THOMAS GILBERT, Cromwell.

A Matter of Importance.

Whatever may be said of manhood suffrage, it is essentially a Democratic right, in a free representative government; first, because it gives to all free men a voice in the government affairs of the country; and, second, it is an acknowledgment of the all-wise political equality of all the citizens of such a government.

But, is this grand privilege of free citizenship rightly considered, fully appreciated, and justly used? How many intelligently value and truly estimate the importance of their individual franchise.

Thousands of voters in these United States consider their votes as worth a certain amount of "bribe," or, as a matter of just so much importance to a friend, ring or party; or, as being a "bargain."

Now, as we have universal manhood suffrage to offer to the world, let us show to all terrestrial creation that we have manhood, honest principles, and wise laws.

Not rightly thinking man, nor honest patriot, can rest assured of the permanency of good government, or of the stability of Republican institutions, until fraud, corruption and venality are purged from the American ballot box—until individual duty, and interest for posterity, shall become, in the breast of every voter, paramount over friend, ring, party, private, selfish desire, and separate power and franchise—until the individual shall consider himself not served in the maintenance of the public weal.

Instead of obeying party beliefs in every instance, or of being swayed by passion, or prejudice, or of being moved by considerations of kinship, let us ascertain truly whether the tenets of party, or its nominations, be consistent with the welfare of the country and adapted to official position.

Party is nothing, if it does not eliminate a genuine idea of public policy, a useful system of legislation, have a frame pure judiciary, seat a conscientious executive, and give dignity and power to self-government.

W. H. CUNIFF.

A dead in Apache Sculp.

While a New York furrier was in Omaha the other day he was sought out by a stranger with a proposition for a trade. Said he, "Several counties in Arizona are offering from \$50 to \$100 each for Indian scalps. I'll pay you \$20 apiece for from 100 to 500. I've got a genuine scalp here, and all you have to do to imitate it is to scrape a calfskin, cut it into suitable pieces, and pull it out-knot through each one of them. One horse's tail will make twenty-two Apache tom-knots, and a calfskin will cut seventy-five scalps. Eh! Do you tumble?" As there has been no sudden increase in the demand for calfskins and horse-tails in this locality, it is probable the furrier declined the contract.

Where She Wasn't to Be Buried.

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where lablins, lovers would wake her from her dreams, nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, coming over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away to take her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found peace surpassing all understanding—a depth of quiet slumber, on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.

Rheumatism.

Although a practitioner of near twenty years, my mother influenced me to procure B. B. for her. She had been confined to her bed several months with Rheumatism which had stubbornly resisted all the usual remedies. Within twenty-four hours after commencing B. B. B. I observed marked relief. She has just commenced her third bottle and is nearly as active as ever, and has been in the front yard with "rake in hand," cleaning up. Her improvement is truly wonderful and immensely gratifying.

C. H. MONTGOMERY M. D.  
de Jacksonville, Ala., June 6, 1884.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at twenty-five cents per box, at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Club Rates.

We will furnish the following papers the following club rates:  
Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Courier-Journal, one year, cash in advance, for.....\$2.50.  
Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Commercial, and one year cash in advance, for.....2.30.  
Hartford Herald and Farmers' Home Journal, Louisville, one year, cash in advance, for.....2.50.

Itch and Scratches of every kind Cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sundry Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by  
1042 1/2 yr. Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Temperance in Maine.

A prominent paper in Maine thus speaks in regard to the curtailment of the liquor traffic in that state:  
"In a large part of Maine an entire generation has grown up practically ignorant of the liquor traffic, never having seen a liquor shop, nor the pernicious effects of the saloon."

We hope that the day is not distant, and that we may live to see it, when as much can be truthfully said of every State in the Union. Our fathers rebelled against the taxation of tea. Another rebellion is near. Rum has got to go overboard. The liquor traffic must stop. Let the fight go on. Let us save the hundreds of millions of dollars, paid in the past, in grog bills. Let us do more—far more—save from the drunkard's grave yearly an uncounted army of young men, and thousands of families from disgrace and ruin.

The Restorer of All.

We will send the HERALD to new subscribers from now on from date they subscribe, to the end of 1885, and the American Home for the same time, all for \$1.50, and give them a chance in our Grand Gift Distribution besides. Old subscribers who are in arrears can pay arrears to time of payment and receive the same as new subscribers.

The HERALD is your local paper and should be in every family in the country. The American Home is a monthly paper edited by Rev. T. E. Richey, at Princeton, Ky., and is devoted to temperance, morality, literature and general news.

We send you the HERALD 14 months, worth \$1.75, the American Home 14 months, worth 60 cents, total \$2.35, all for \$1.50 and a chance in a Grand Gift Distribution, besides in which you will have a chance for a premium worth from 25 cents up to \$150. Do not delay, but subscribe or renew at once, as each week's delay shortens the time you will receive the paper.

A Mother's Gratitude.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.—Gentlemen: I want you to know that your medicine has done for my little boy. For more than four years he has been suffering from scrofula. I have worked hard to get him cured, but all to no purpose. All of my hard earnings during these four years, and what I had at the time we commenced his treatment, has gone to the doctors and druggists of this city, and when I gave them all, up two months ago my son was pale, weak and could hardly walk. He could not play with other children and had no appetite at all. I began giving him Swift's Specific, and very soon his appetite came back. His cheeks began to brighten up, and now he eats well, has gained flesh, his cheeks are ruddy, and he romps and plays as much as any child on the street. I can not tell you how grateful I feel for I know your medicine has saved his life. None but the mother of a sick child can know how thankful I am, and I wish every mother in the world could know of your valuable medicine. Very truly yours,

Mrs. KATE MCGANNY,  
1,111 E. 61st St., New York, N. Y.,  
November 3, 1886.

For sale by all druggists. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., 157 W. 23d St., New York.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lung; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so, and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's drug store.

Fits!

All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 11 19 yr.

Mrs. Margaret Ryan, of New York, had her leg amputated the other day, and insisted upon its having a Christian burial in her family lot in Calvary cemetery. A death certificate was made out by the doctor, certifying that the leg had died by amputation at the Chambers Street Hospital, Nov. 29, 1885, that it was 50 years old, married, and part mother of a family. The leg was buried with all due ceremony Monday.

Robert Goodale, an English wife-murderer, suffered a double penalty for his crime on the scaffold, in London, recently, having his head jerked off his body by the hangman's halter. The headless trunk fell upon the platform of the scaffold, blood spurting and gushing in all directions. The severed head lay at the foot of the victim, the muscles of the face contorting in the most horrible manner, while the eyelids opened and closed several times.

The bones we live in, (in other words our bodies) are held on the retaining levers. We must strengthen and renew them when they exhibit signs of weakness and decay. In Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nerveine the Debilitated, the Bilious, the Rheumatic, and the Dyspeptic, will find the most genial Tonic and Restorative ever offered to the suffering invalid. \$1.50.

I have received great benefit from Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh. I cannot express the suffering I have endured the past year from Nasal Catarrh.—C. L. Robbins, Caraway P. O., Randolph Co., N. C.

COMMISSIONER'S SALES.

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY:  
Tol Robertson & Son, Plaintiffs,  
Against  
W. B. Fulkerson, &c., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1885, in the above cause for the sum of \$133.55, and costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House door, in Hartford, on Monday, the 4th day of January 1886, about 1 o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

About 50 acres of land in Ohio county, Ky., near the Hartford and Paradise road, and bound on the south-east by the lands of Mrs. Carnahan, on the north-west by the lands of Baxter Fulkerson, on the north-east by the lands occupied by the widow of Thomas Russell, and on the south-west by the lands of Gilbert Muir, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
Master Commissioner.

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY:  
D. J. Wilcox, Adm'r Carter, Plaintiff,  
Against  
T. M. Smith & J. E. Ashby, Deft's.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1885, in the above cause for the sum of \$159.40, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 25 day of February, 1876, until paid and \$78.55 costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House door, in Hartford, on Monday, the 4th day of January 1886, about 1 o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

126 acres, 2 rods and 30 poles of land in Ohio county, Ky., and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone on Grassy creek, then south 89 east 112 poles to a poplar stump, in or near Oglesby's line; then north 31 east 112 poles to a stake, then north 45 west 124 poles to an ash, on Grassy creek, 2 poles below the mouth of Flat branch; then with the meanders of Grassy creek to the beginning, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
Master Commissioner.

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY:  
John Chappeze's Adm'r, Plaintiff,  
John Chappeze's Heirs, Defendants,  
And  
P. H. Alford, Plaintiff,

Against  
John Leach et al., Defendants.  
By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1885, in the above cause for the sum of \$100, with interest at six per cent. per annum from the 27th of March, 1881, in favor of W. C. Chapman, Administrator of John Chappeze, and \$200 with interest from September 27th, 1881, against H. W. McHenry, and both against H. W. Davis, and their costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House door, in Hartford, on Monday, the 4th day of January 1886, about 1 o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to-wit:

A tract of land in Ohio county, Ky., bounded as follows: Beginning at a white oak and two black oaks, corner to H. Her's 800 acre survey; then south 45 west 40 poles to a stake; then south 45 east 180 poles to a stake; then north 12 east 120 poles to a beech, oak and dogwood in Keown's line; then with his line—42 west 40 poles to a gum; then north 51 west 75 poles to a white oak, then—48 west 68 poles to the beginning, containing 100 acres, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
Master Commissioner.

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY:  
John Chappeze's Adm'r, Plaintiff,  
Against  
John Chappeze's Heirs, Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1885, in the above cause, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House door, in Hartford, on Monday, the 4th day of January 1886, about 1 o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months the following described property, to-wit:

A tract of land in Ohio county, Ky., bounded as follows: Beginning at a dogwood and two white oaks, in Stratton's line, then south 2 west 221 poles, to a stake in the line, dividing the counties of Butler and Ohio, then with said line, south 45 west 100 poles to a post oak and hickory, in the line of Richard Gary's tract, then with his line north 42 east 295 poles, then up said creek to the line of Miller's 600 acre tract, then with a line thereof, south 55 east 65 poles to the beginning, containing 100 acres, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
Master Commission.

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY:  
J. T. Wallace, Plaintiff,  
Against  
J. S. Copping, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Ohio Circuit Court, rendered at the November term, 1885, in the above cause for the sum \$90 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 16th day of September, 1882, until paid and 2 costs herein, I will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Court House door, in Hartford, on Monday, the 4th day of January 1886, about 1 o'clock p. m., upon a credit of six months the following property, to-wit:

A tract of land, in Ohio county, Ky., on the waters of Huffs creek and Run, creek, and bounded as follows: Beginning at 2 sycamores, on the north bank of Huffs creek, then north 10 east 118 poles to a beech, poplar and black jack, then north 73 west 26 poles to a hickory and dogwood, then south 18 west 135 poles to a beech on the bank of Rough creek, then up said creek to the mouth of Huffs creek, then up Huffs creek to the beginning, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money ordered to be made.

The purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved security immediately after sale.

JOHN P. BARRETT,  
Master Commission.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my life!  
My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light And digestible,  
For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,  
And the only way I ever got

"Relief" Was by throwing up all my stomach contained!! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?"  
Was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

could eat nothing!!  
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pains.

Their efforts were no good to me.  
At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!"  
And decided to try them.

"Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of one!!!"

"Next day I was out of bed, and have not been a "sick!"

"Hour, from the same cause, since."  
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."  
Geo. KENDALL, Abilene, Boston, Mass.

Downright Cruelty.  
To permit yourself and family to "suffer!"

With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily  
With Hop Bitters!!!

Prosecute the Swindlers!  
If you call for Hop Bitters, see green cluster of hops on the white label, the druggist should have one and call it "Warner's German Hop Bitters," or with other "Hop name, refuse it and claim that druggist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for the stuff, insist him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindling, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

NOT DEAD YET.  
Atlanta papers are giving the public some curious and wonderful cases that are quite interesting. It seems that a young lady of Atlanta had been reported as dead, but it came to the ears of the Atlanta Journal that she was still alive, and being on the alert for news, a reporter was sent to the residence to learn all the facts. Miss Belle Dunaway, who had been pronounced dead, met him at the door, stoutly denying that she was dead. She said:

"For four years, rheumatism and neuralgia have resided physicians and all other treatment. My muscles seemed to dry up, my flesh shrank away, my joints were swollen, painful and large, lost my appetite, was reduced to 60 pounds in weight and for months, was expected to die. I commenced the use of B. B. and in the action of one bottle convinced my friends that it would cure me. Its effect was like magic. It gave me an appetite—gave me strength, relieved all my aches and pains, added flesh to my bones and when five bottles had been used I had gained 50 pounds of flesh, and I am to-day sound and well."

IS IT ALIE?  
Some one said that Potash was a poison: Who makes the assertion except those who desire to mislead and humbug you? He who denounces other remedies as FRAUDS, is quietly offering a vile compound of his own—be aware of all such.

Ask your physician or your druggist if Potash produces all the horrors claimed for it by those who are compelled to traduce other preparations in order to appear respectable themselves.

We claim that Potash properly combined with other remedies makes the grandest blood remedy ever known to man, and we claim that the B. B. is that remedy. It cures all forms of blood poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Old Ulcers and Sores, Kidney Complaints, Female Diseases, etc. The B. B. will cure you at once. Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a copy of their book FREE.

1886 THE COURIER-JOURNAL, 1886

LIVING IDEAS AND LIVE ISSUES.

AN EXERT OF  
Monopolies, Oligarchism, and the Spirit of Sectional Strife.

The Courier-Journal (HENRY WATSON Editor) is a weekly newspaper published in the United States and is the largest and most influential of its kind. It is the only paper of its kind in the country. It is the only paper of its kind in the country. It is the only paper of its kind in the country.

The Weekly Courier-Journal has by far the largest circulation of any Democratic Newspaper.

It is acknowledged by press and people throughout the United States to be a great paper; great in size; great in enterprise; great in ability; great in the correctness of information; great in the timeliness of its news; great in the variety of its topics; great in the interest of its stories; great in the quality of its writing; great in the beauty of its printing; great in the strength of its arguments; great in the force of its conclusions; great in the power of its suggestions; great in the wisdom of its advice; great in the purity of its motives; great in the honesty of its dealing; great in the justice of its judgment; great in the fairness of its criticism; great in the generosity of its spirit; great in the nobility of its aims; great in the grandeur of its vision; great in the loftiness of its soul; great in the greatness of its God.

It is the only paper of its kind in the country. It is the only paper of its kind in the country. It is the only paper of its kind in the country.

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